Home Run Haggerty

How Harold Cliveden, the Human Shadow, Pitched the Russetvilles to Victory and Won Pennant

By George William Daley

"IF there's anything I don't like to hear it's these hard luck baseba stories. Wherever you go there's an army of guys to tell you how they had the game won only for a big dub on the other team who made a home run in the last half of the ninth; or how their own heavy hitter struck out with the bases full when they were only two runs behind; or how their pitcher held the other side down to no hits and no runs for eight innings and then fell in a fit in the last. All over this wide land, wherever the great national game is played, you'll hear these tales, and I've heard 'em so often that they make me tired.

"I once heard the baseball reporter of a Missouri paper tell a story that he said took the cake for pure hard luck over anything he ever saw. It was about a game in which the score was 1 to 1 in the ninth, when a heavy hitter belted the ball so hard it broke in two. Half of it fell in front of the home plate and the other half went over the fence. The umpire decided that he was entitled to half a run, and he gave the game to the slugger's side, one and a half to one.

"Of course you don't have to believe everything these guys who write baseball for the papers, say. I don't. The story that fellow told is an old one, but there probably was some truth in it. There may have been a ball game.

"But the first year I played with the Alfalfas in the Corndropper's League, before Josh Hapgood came to manage us and get together the strong aggregation that captured the pennant three times hand-running, I ran up against a proposition that made me hark back to that Missouri reporter's yarn. There's more than a tinge of hard luck in it, and it's all true—Pinch Hobbs will swear to it, and so will Dan Delaney. So I think it beats the other experience by a little over a block.

"On the Russetville nine that year was a young pitcher just breaking in by the name of Harold Cliveden. He was tall, yellow-haired and very slender when he first signed, but after a month or two of hard, steady work he got thinner. Then he fell in love with a Russetville girl and she didn't love him back, and the pining and sighing he did for her made him fairly shrink up with thinness. Then he went off his feed entirely from lovesickness and got ghastly. He was so thin that when he got in the box you could see half of second base on each side of him in the background. When he raised his hand to throw you'd see his hand and the ball, but no arm connecting them to his body; his extremities were so like pipe stems. He really should have been on exhibition. But he could pitch good ball for all his thinness, and so the Russetvilles wouldn't hear of his quitting.

"Well, Harold got toned down so they took to calling him 'Shadow' and 'Sliver,' and the Russetville management bought a case of cod liver oil and a lot o' these patent sawdust foods to bring him back to his natural weight. They were afraid he'd dissolve in thin air if he got any slimmer, and it would have been hard to imagine him any more invisible without losing sight of him entirely. Harold would have welcomed melting away with a warm heart, he was so doggone morose at the unrequited love that he placed at his lady love's feet. It was whispered 'round that he'd tried to commit suicide and shot at himself and missed with all six chambers of a .44-caliber revolver. Any man that could have hit him would have been a crack shot, so I didn't doubt the story.

"Now, the reason Harold couldn't win his girl's heart was because Reginald Van Rensselaer, second, our Harvard pitcher, had made a clean steal of it the season before, and she hadn't forgot him. Why Reggie had printed on them little cards o' his'n 'Second' I never could find out. He was no second-hand guy, or second-rate pitcher, and he never played second base in his life. He liked Dottie Watkins most as much as she liked him; in fact, I guess the only thing that kep' 'em from gettin' hitched up long before Harold came along was because Reggie pitched for the Alfalfas and Dottie was a rooter for Russetville to win the pennant.

"Yes, she was a rooter. I never knowed a girl before or since that could tell a three-bagger from the right field foul flag, but she could. It was a liberal education to sit near where she was in the grandstand, her eyes sparklin' and her gloves busted from applauding, and her voice mebbe a little hoarse from hollerin' at good plays, an' hear her coach her own nine an' josh the other guys.

"'Git away off there, Jim,' she'd yell to one o' the Russetvilles that had just took first on four balls, say. 'I knew that pitcher couldn't put it over. You ain't tied to that bag. Get away o! Get up on your toes—Sam'll sting it in a minute. Never mind, Sammy, it only takes one to hit it. All together now—give that shortstop the spikes if he gets on the base line—don't hit so slow, Sam—that one was by before you swung. There's a straight one—lambaste it! Wow!'

"And then she'd get up an' wave her hands, beckonin' to Jim to come home, an' hollerin' to Sam to go an' take second on the throw-in, an' the opposin' fellers'd git so rattled at the idee of a woman knowin' how the game is played that they'd make errors and wild throws tryin' to watch her snappin' eyes instead o' the ball.

"Dottie was wrapped up in the Russetvilles, not because she was stuck on any member of the team, but because she lived in Russetville and was loyal to it. For that reason she admired Harold because he was a good pitcher, an' she'd get on the front row in the grandstand the days he pitched an' implore him to strike out the opposing fellers, an' call him 'Harry boy,' when he fanned a good hitter; but that was as far as it went. When the game was over and Harold mebbe walked home with her an' tried to say good-bye to her in a way befittin' an admirer, she'd back off from the plate an' say: 'Sirr-r-r! Don't try none o' your outcurves on me!' an' otherwise subdue him. But when Reggie was in town with the Alfalfas, even if he did beat the home team, they'd walk home, an' Reggie could make triple plays on her blushin' cheeks, an' she'd lay her head on his big shoulder an' say: 'If you only pitched for Russetville, an' throw a long-distance look at him.

"The hull thing to it was that Dottie was waverin' between love an' duty—she wanted the home team to win the pennant, and yet she liked Reggie. If there hadn't been no Russetville nine she'd prob'ly a married Reg; an' if there hadn't been no Alfalfas, an' Reggie was back in Harvard, never havin' been druv to the west an' ball playin' for pourin' carrisene on a perfessor's whiskers and lightin' 'em, she'd prob'ly a married Halod; so there you are. Again, if she'd lived in Alfalfa an' seen me play every day, Reggie wouldn't a been one, two, six, for I had the town crazy, from 2-year-old to grandfather.

"Well, it come down to the series that decided the resting place o' the pennant, and it was between Alfalfa and Russetville. We won Thursday's game with Dan Delaney in the box, lost Friday's with Lamp Hymes pitchin', and needed Saturday's, with Reggie Van Rensselaer and Harold Cliveden as the opposin' pitchers.

"Harold was still as thin as ever; yes, maybe thinner. He got told one time durin' the summer that Dottie didn't like him because he was so awfully slim, an' he'd started in on cod liver oil an' the fattening' grub then in dead earnest, but he was so anxious and worried so much it made no difference. He kept just as thin, an' pretty soon he begun to get thinner and pine away worse than ever, just because he couldn't get fat.

"About this time Harold learned that the bar to his happiness was Reggie, an' he hopped with joy when he learned Reg was goin' to pitch against him in the deciding game. Right away he come to Reggie with the proposition:

"'Now, you know as well as I do that Dot won't marry you while I pitch for the Russetvilles, an' that she won't marry me while there's a chance o' your landin' here. Now, if you win this afternoon, I'll jump the Russetvilles, leave town, and you can have my place. If I win I want you to quit comin' around here an' give me a clear field. Is it a go?'

"Reggie knew the ground lay just that way, an' he was most as anxious as Harold to get the girl. So he agreed, an' they shook hands on it.

"The Russetvilles had an advantage in playing on their own grounds, but the Alfalfas had me, an' that made it about even. We all went into the game determined to do or die, for each nine thought a lot of its winning pitcher. When the thing was noised around town there was more excitement and a bigger crowd than I'd ever seen in Russetville.

"Reggie's specialty that day was striking men out, an' he had the Russetvilles on their ears, while Harold sent up floaters and twisters that turned into high flies as soon as you touched 'em. Dottie sat in the grandstand all unknowin' what was goin' on, and rooted for Russetville and cast languishing glances at Reggie. She wanted him to lose, and there he was sweatin' his shirt off to win her.

"Well, in the seventh innin' I belted one over the fence for the first score and the crowd groaned and Reggie's face looked like a barrel o' butter. In their half of the eighth, though, they made us groan by pushin' in three vicious drives, the last a two-bagger, an' two runs crossed the plate. We came in for our half of the ninth determined to win or tie right there.

"Dan Delaney opened by flyin' out. He meant to put it out of the lot, but put it too high. Then Jimmy Harrison was hit by a pitched ball an' stole second. Johnny Harrison struck out. With two out an' his prize in his grasp Harold went up an' passed Pete Brown on four balls, an' hit Pinch in the ribs, fillin' the bags. It was up to me then, with three on bases, two out, the crowd in suspense, an' Reggie whoopin' it up on the coachin' line to rattle his rival, an' Dottie whoopin' in the grandstand to rattle me. What a chance! As I trotted out with the old lead-ended bat I'd a bet a million it was Harold for the railroad ties that winter.

"Well, I watched Harold tie himself up an' I lammed the first ball pitched. Zip! It went back like a shot, a liner even with your knees, but a safe an' good one for two runs an' maybe three, with Pinch on first base.

"But then somethin' happened. Harold saw the ball comin', jumped in front of it an' tried to stop it. He might as well a-grasped for the moon. uBt he put a lank, long leg in front of it, an' the next minute there was a sound like a lawn mower an' half the ball went sailin' to third and half to first. The third baseman caught his half an' touched Jimmy, an', though the first baseman muffed his, he picked it up an' touched me before I got to the bag.

"Imagine the excitement. There was that ball, cut in two clean as a whistle, Harold hopping around gally in his excitement, Reggie storming an' hollerin' at the umpire, an' the audience, includin' Dottie, gone mad with joy. Josh Hapgood rushed out to make the claim that neither Jimmy nor I was out, for we hadn't been touched with the whole ball.

"'Exactly,' said the umpire. 'But I rule this way. Your man on third wasn't put out. The third baseman caught Haggerty half out, though, and the first baseman touched him the other half out. Consequently that makes three out, and the Russetvilles win.'

"And that settled it. That's my prize hard-luck story. Harold finally married Dottie, after she'd pined for weeks waitin' for Reggie to come an' win her; for he kept his part of the contract an' never showed up in Russetville again."

(Copyright, 1904, by George William Daley.)

Keen Work Caught Desperado

DETECTIVE MADE UP AS A HOBO AND LANDED HIS MAN

(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

ALL THE western desperadoes are not rounded up in canyons or swamps by inhemming posses. An irrigation engineer from Arizona says:

"As many of them have been got by strategy as by the herding process.

"The pattest job of that kind that I know anything about happened when Mort Loudon, a keeper at the San Quentin prison, in California, corralled Jim Crandall, a prospector, who escaped from the Folsom penitentiary, in the same state, in 1891, after blinding one keeper and killing another. Loudon played a lone hand at that job, turning a trick that fifty men with guns could probably never have got away with.

"Loudon was a young fellow of 30, quiet to the point of taciturnity. He had no record as a bad-man hunter, and he was the last man who would ever have been sent out from San Quentin to undertake a job requiring nerve, strategy and quick shooting in a pinch.

"While Loudon was on a visit to the keepers at Folsom the tip reached the Folsom pen that Jim Crandall was down at Mojave, in Kern county, California, surrounded by friends, and waiting for a chance to make a break down the line for the Santa Anita mountains. Loudon begged for and got a chance to bring him in.

"Three mornings later, when the Santa Fe overland from San Francisco pulled alongside the Mojave station shack, the conductor and brakeman jumped off the train, ran forward to the blind baggage, and, with a great show of rage, grabbed and threw off a hobo who was riding on the blind baggage platform. The bum, who was Loudon, seemed to be very drunk, and he made no resistance.

"The two dozen and odd loungers around the Mojave station looked on at the ditching of the hobo with amused interest. They were all friends of Crandall, and they were at the station to inspect the men who might attempt to leave the train. Mojave wasn't a place much visited by strangers, but Crandall's friends were there to see to it that nobody should stop off there until they were enabled to hike Crandall down the line to the Santa Anita mountains. But they didn't mind the bum.

"When the train pulled out, the station crowd dispersed, and Loudon, in his bum's make-up, staggered around to the shady side of the station to sleep off on the boards his cleverly simulated drunk. He was in the same settlement with Crandall, anyway, as he was able to judge from a glance at the actions of the crowd of men at the station; and he had the satisfaction of knowing that he'd never have been allowed to drop off at Mojave had he not framed up that blind baggage riding hobo dodge.

"Loudon was still pretending to snore drunkenly, stretched out close to the shaded wall of the station, when somebody came along and passed him a few nifty kicks. It was the manager of the Harvey eating house who did the kicking.

"'Well, you're ditched plumb, Jack,' said the eating house manager when Loudon sat up and rubbed his eyes, 'and there ain't a chance in the world for you to nudge out of here without their coin to carry you to Barstow or to Los Angeles, anyhow. You got to hustle your way out. Want a sweeping job, for $3 a week and your booze and eats?'

"Loudon didn't grab at the offer with enough eagerness to give himself away in his hobo's capacity, but he accepted the job after a moment's consideration. The offer was, in fact, a godsend for him, for while lying in the shadow of the wall he had been trying to figure how he was going to hang around the camp long enough to accomplish his purpose, or at least make a try at accomplishing it, without generating suspicion. The sweep-up's job at the eating house would let him out as to that.

"Loudon chored around the Harvey eating house for three days before he got a view of Crandall. On the third night of his employment he pretended to be very drunk at the wind-up of his day's work and staggered over from the eating house to the main and only street of Mojave, made up mostly of groggeries.

"Loudon simulated a funny jag, and the gang in the ginmills proceeded to have fun with him. Although he seemed barely able to stand up, they danced him with bullets planted within an inch or so of his toes, and he went down the line of the booze plants and honkatonks letting them all go as far as they liked with him. He was staked to rum wherever he went for his jigging.

"Seated in the back room of the very last saloon on the line—the saloon shack was on the edge of the rocky desert—Loudon saw Crandall. He recognized him instantly from pictures and photographs of the desperado that had been given to him before he started out on his perilous mission. Crandall, Loudon could see, was keeping under cover in that groggery.

"Two nights afterward, and at a later hour, Loudon, again putting on the bunned-up antics, once more went down the line of the groggeries, letting the rough gang have fun with him. They danced him some more with bullets, soused him in a horse trough, made a pass-ball of him, and booted him around generally.

"Close to midnight Loudon pulled up at the gin mill where Crandall was lying low. He reeled into the plant and found nobody there but the barkeep and Crandall, who was yawning in the back room and playing solitaire. A big stud poker game was in progress further back on the line, and all hands were watching it, which accounted for the deserted look of the booze wickeup where Crandall was hanging out.

"Loudon attempted to touch the barkeep for a drink, and the barkeep roughly threw him out. The imitation bum reeled away for a distance, and then slid back in the darkness, concealed himself behind the saloon wall that edged on the desert.

"Presently the barkeep and Crandall emerged together from the saloon. The barkeep had turned the lights out and locked the door after him as he came out. He stood in the starlight, talking with the desperado for a moment, and then, giving a 'S'long,' and saying that he was going to take a look-in at the stud game, went down the street.

"Crandall leaned against the front of the groggery, whistling plaintively, as the barkeep's footsteps died away down the line. He had a room above the saloon, and it had been necessary for him to come out of the saloon to reach his room by going up a stairway on the outside of the shack.

"Crandall ceased his whistling, gave a final stretch, and passed around the saloon shack to gain the outside stairway to his room. Loudon was at the foot of the stairway.

"The stars are big down that way, and throw a lot of light. Crandall was within a stride of the stairway when he saw the gleam of Loudon's two gun barrels.

"'Put 'em up, Jim—and quick!' said Loudon quietly.

"Crandall put his hands up with the instant instinct of a man whose life had been a warfare from boyhood.

"'Don't bother talking, Jim,' said Loudon. Just walk on ahead of me. Yonder, to the water tank. Keep your hands up, and don't make any moves, or I'll sure have to pipe you out, Jim. Walk along.'

"Crandall wheeled without a word and started over the bowlder strewn desert for the railroad water tank, half a mile below Mojave. There was a train due to stop there in half an hour—a train for San Francisco. Loudon knew that all of the up-bound trains stopped at the tank to replenish the boiler.

"Crandall trudged along, and Loudon kept just five feet behind him, both guns pointed for a drill into the back of the desperado's head. Crandall, without stopping his trudge, and with his hands still up, only spoke once on his way across the rough plain to the water tank.

"'You're the bum, hey?' he said to Loudon.

"'That's who, Jim,' replied Loudon, sententiously. 'Keep a-moving.'

"The train, for an unusual thing, happened to be on time to the minute, and when it pulled up Loudon had his stuck-up man at a point about sixty feet below the tank, where he reckoned the smoking car right behind the locomotive tender, ought to be. His calculation was exact. The smoker was there, and the conductor and brakeman were on the platform.

"'Climb up, Jim,' said Loudon, and the desperado, who knew that he had no chance in life to make any kind of successful play with a two-gunned man only five feet in his rear, clutched the handrail of the smoking car platform and swung himself on board the train. Loudon sang out to the puzzled conductor and brakeman:

"'Help to keep that cadet covered till I climb up, will you? He's Jim Crandall.'

"The conductor and brakeman instantly darted to the other platform, pulling their guns as they did so. They kept the bead on Crandall while Loudon used his hands in climbing to the smoker platform.

"'All right,' said Loudon to the conductor when he had got aboard, and he again put the desperado under his two guns. 'Maybe you'd better start right through Mojave, if you've got your orders. This ombrey's got a bunch there, and there's a chance that they may have got next by this time.'

"The conductor had got his train orders at Barstow, and there was no absolute necessity for the train to stop at Mojave. So the train went through there a-flying, and then the conductor and brakeman bound Crandall hand and foot while Loudon kept him covered.

"Loudon deposited his man in the Oakland jail on the following morning, and Crandall died in Folsom two years later. When Mort Loudon went back to San Quentin he found himself assistant warden, and he held down the job until he went to Alaska with the breaking out of the Klondike craze. He's in Nome now, and a rich man."

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE city council of Salt Lake City of the intention of such council to make the following described improvement, to-wit: Constructing a cement sidewalk six feet wide on the north side of Sixth South street from Sixth East street to Fifth East street; along the west side of Fifth East street from Sixth South street to Fifth South street, and on the south side of Fifth South street from Fifth East street to Fourth East street, in sidewalk district No. 22, and defray the cost and expense thereof, estimated at two thousand one hundred two and 76-100 ($2,102.76) dollars, or one and 8-100 ($1.08) dollars per front or linear foot, by a local assessment upon the lots or pieces of ground within the following described district, being the district to be affected or benefited by said improvement, namely: On Sixth South street, all of lots 1 and 2, block 24; on Fifth East street, all of lots 1 and 8, block 23, plat "B"; on Fifth South street, all of lots 5 and 8, the east 148.5 feet of lot 7, and the west 148.5 feet of lot 6, block 23, plat "B," Salt Lake City survey.

All protests and objections to the carrying out of such intention must be presented in writing to the city recorder on or before the 13th day of June, 1904, being the time set by said council when it will hear and consider such protests and objections as may be made thereto.

By order of the city council of Salt Lake City, Utah.

J. S. CRITCHLOW, City Recorder.

Dated April 13, 1904.

Sidewalk extension No. 64.

Notice of Assessment.

MAY DAY MINING & MILLING company. Principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Notice is hereby given that at a special meeting of the directors, held on the 20th day of May, 1904, an assessment of 1 cent per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable on or before the 23d day of June, 1904, to John Campbell, secretary, at the office of the company, room 4 Commercial block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on the 23d day of June, 1904, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 11th day of July, 1904, at 2 o'clock p. m., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expense of sale.

JOHN CAMPBELL, Secretary.

Room 4 Commercial Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED until 10 a. m. Tuesday, June 14, 1904, at the office of the Deseret Agricultural & Manufacturing society, Room 16, Hooper block, for the excavating and masonry for the new fair building at Agricultural park, Salt Lake City. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of Ware & Treganza, architects, Hooper block. Certified check for 5 per cent must accompany each bid. The society reserves the right to reject any and all bids. NELSON A. EMPEY, President.

W. J. BATEMAN, Secretary.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE city council of Salt Lake City of the intention of such council to make the following described improvements, to-wit: Constructing a cement sidewalk six feet wide on the east side of Sixth East street from Second South street to Third South street, in Sidewalk District No. 22, and defray the cost and expense thereof, estimated at four hundred fifty-five and 80-100 ($455.80) dollars, or one and 32-100 ($1.32) dollars per front or linear foot, by a local assessment upon the lots or pieces of ground within the following described district, being the district to be affected or benefited by said improvement, namely: All of lot 2, the south 37.8 feet of lot 3, the north 32.5 feet of lot 5, block 46, plat "B," Salt Lake City survey.

All protests and objections to the carrying out of such intention must be presented in writing to the city recorder on or before the 20th day of June, 1904, being the time set by said council when it will hear and consider such protests and objections as may be made thereto.

By order of the city council of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dated May 23, 1904.

J. S. CRITCHLOW, City Recorder.

Sidewalk extension No. 69.

Delinquent Notice.

NAILDRIVER MINING COMPANY, principal place of business, room 3, Masonic block, Salt Lake City, Utah. Location of mine, Park City, Utah. Notice—There are delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment No. 2, of 3 cents per share, levied on the 3d day of May, 1904, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. of Cert.	No. of Shares.	Amt. Due.
J. M. Lockhart	40	50	$1 50
Geo. W. Emery	46	100	3 00
Florence S. White	48	100	3 00
George A. Kervin	49	250	7 50
F. J. Lubeck	59	50	1 50
W. H. Shearman	61	200	6 00
Henry Welsh	100	100	3 00
Abbie Waddell	223	500	15 00
Abbie Waddell	227	500	15 00
Abbie Waddell	228	500	15 00
Abbie Waddell	229	100	3 00
Abbie Waddell	230	100	3 00
D. L. Wertheimer	237	2,000	60 00
Joseph D. Lewis	259	1,000	30 00
Joseph D. Lewis	260	1,000	30 00
Joseph D. Lewis	261	1,000	30 00
Joseph D. Lewis	262	1,000	30 00
Joseph D. Lewis	263	500	15 00
Joseph D. Lewis	264	500	15 00
Joseph D. Lewis	265	500	15 00
Joseph D. Lewis	266	500	15 00
Joseph D. Lewis	267	500	15 00
Joseph D. Lewis	268	500	15 00
Joseph D. Lewis	270	500	15 00
Joseph D. Lewis	271	500	15 00
Joseph D. Lewis	276	100	3 00
Joseph D. Lewis	278	75	2 25
Joseph D. Lewis	279	75	2 25
Sam H. Lewis	280	1,000	30 00
Sam H. Lewis	281	1,000	30 00
Sam H. Lewis	282	1,000	30 00
Sam H. Lewis	283	1,000	30 00
Sam H. Lewis	284	1,000	30 00
Sam H. Lewis	286	500	15 00
George A. Kervin	293	50	1 50
George A. Kervin	294	50	1 50
W. W. Armstrong	342	500	15 00
Mrs. Nettie Illoway	353	100	3 00
W. W. Armstrong	407	500	15 00
S. H. Lewis	456	100	3 00
S. H. Lewis	457	100	3 00
S. H. Lewis	458	100	3 00
S. H. Lewis	459	100	3 00
S. H. Lewis	460	100	3 00
S. H. Lewis	461	100	3 00
S. H. Lewis	462	100	3 00
S. H. Lewis	463	100	3 00
S. H. Lewis	464	100	3 00
James A. Mahon	465	100	3 00
James A. Mahon	466	100	3 00
W. W. Armstrong	517	50	1 50
John E. Miles	538	100	3 00
W. S. Romney	596	100	3 00
Farnsworth, W. H.	682	50	1 50
Farnsworth, W. H.	686	50	1 50
Ralph De Witt	737	100	3 00
Henry Fares	746	50	1 50
Mary Paine	788	100	3 00
Mira L. Collins	886	58	1 74
L. M. Carpenter	908	100	3 00
Emma Anderson	921	182	5 46
Emma Anderson	922	91	2 73
Dan M. Sullivan	924	50	1 50
H. B. Cole Co	927	100	3 00
Dan M. Sullivan	938	50	1 50

And in accordance with law and an order of the board of directors made on the 3rd day of May, 1904, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction at the office of the company, at room 3, Masonic block, Salt Lake City, Utah, on Monday, June 20, 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m., to pay the delinquent assessment thereon together with the costs of advertising and expense of sale.

W. R. WIGHTMAN, Secretary.

First publication June 5, 1904.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE city council of Salt Lake City of the intention of such council to make the following described improvement, to-wit: Constructing a cement sidewalk six feet wide on the east side of Twelfth East street from South Temple street to First South street, and on the north side of First South street from Twelfth East to Thirteenth East street, in sidewalk Districts Nos. 2 and 23, and defray the cost and expense thereof, estimated at one thousand six hundred ninety-eight and 84-100 dollars or one and 32-100 ($1.32) dollars per front or linear foot, by a local assessment upon the lots or pieces of ground within the following described district, being the district to be affected or benefited by said improvement, namely: Fronting on Twelfth East street: All of lots 2 and 5, the south 148.5 feet of lot 3, and the north 148.5 feet of lot 4. Fronting on First South street: All of lots 1 and 2, block 34, plat "F," Salt Lake City survey.

All protests and objections to the carrying out of such intention must be presented in writing to the city recorder on or before the 20th day of June, 1904, being the time set by said council when it will hear and consider such protests and objections as may be made thereto.

By order of the city council of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dated May 2, 1904.

J. S. CRITCHLOW, City Recorder.

Sidewalk extension No. 68.